

24.

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A

CHARACTER

OF THE

True Blue Protestant Poet:

OR, THE

Pretended Author

OF THE

CHARACTER

OF A

Popish Successor.

ONE would believe it almost Incredible, that any out of *Bethlehem* should think it possible, a yesterdays *Fool*, an errant *Knave*, a despicable *Coward*, and a prophane *Atheist*, should be to day by the same Persons, a *Cowley*, a Man of *Honour*, a *Hero*, and a *Zealous* upholder of the *Protestant Cause*, and *Interest*; But certainly those that believe this, must have as much *Faith*, and *Ignorance*, as the *Blindest Bygotted Papist* in *Europe*; and confess at the same time, that *Miracles* are not *ceased*; For, like *Mushrooms* in a Night, there is lately sprung up such a *Wit*, such a *Hero*, such a *True Protestant Poet*, such a *Champion for the Cause*, as no Records have ever mention'd; But since it has ever been granted, that Three parts of Four of all Mankind, are *Knaves*, and *Fools*; I wonder which of these two his Admirers, and Applauders will submit themselves to be taken for, for 'tis an Inevitable fate upon them, they will by the understanding part of the World, be accounted one of those.

But now, that this may not appear altogether Malice, and Reflection upon him, and some that are pleased to be Infamously called his Friends; we will a little consider what our *Hero* has been, and what he *still is*; and because he may lose no Honour that may accrue to him: I will in the first place begin with his *Birth*, and *Quality*, He was indeed the Reputed Son of his *Mother's Husband*; a *Barber* in *Dunstable*, and his good Mother sold *Ale*; and because his Family would not Degenerate, or they thought themselves honoured in their Trade; the better half of his Generation are *Barbers*, he was designed for one; his *Brother* was a *Barber*, and his *Great Uncle* that bred him up, and gave him all he has, is a *Barber* now living at *Hempstead*, in *Hartfordshire*, well known by the name of *Old Cana*, or *E. S.* The rest of his *Allies*,
A Bakers,

Bakers, Fidlers, and Shoemakers, &c. And though this be no extraordinary Parentage, yet he, like the ill Bird, the Proverb speaks of, *has Enraged his own Nest, and made it worse*; It happened about four years ago, there came out a Copy of Verses, of the same *Libellous nature* of *Azaria, and Husbai*, (which by the greatest part of the Town has been accounted his;) but since the *Illegitimate Brat* had not strength to Support it self, and he found its deformity, and weakness, gave no credit to the *Vigorous Abilities* of the Father; He (tis said) has laid it at an Impotent, Lame Mans door, who because he never had any of his own, he gladly *Adopted the Bastard*;) But our *Malicious Buzzard* did not in those days Soar so high, he only did abuse the *Poets* then, into whose number he would fain have crept, which because they always scorn'd, and lookt with Contempt upon him, He endeavours thus to revenge himself; but it fell out most unluckily, for a discovery was soon made of our *Author*.

And Mr. O. a Man of the Sword, as well as the Pen, finding himself most courfully dealt withal, immediately call'd him to an account, and required the satisfaction of a Gentleman from him: This I must confess was something unreasonable, and did by no means agre with our *Scriblers Constitution*, who had much rather *Rail* than *Fight*; and being at this news as much surprized, and in little better pickle, than *Alderman Atkins* would have been upon the like occasion, beg'd he would spare his Life, and he would give him any other satisfaction he could desire; and presently taking, *Pen, Ink, and Paper* out of his Pocket, he writ these following words, (*viz.*) *I confess I Writ the Sessions of the Poets, and am very sorry for't, and am the Son of a Whore for doing it; Witness my hand E. S.* This he delivered to Mr. O. which it seems saved his Throat for that time; but I am affraid for a worse hand.

But yet since this we find he can be *Valiant, extreamly Valiant*, as by this late *Heroick Action* will appear; He had some years *Courted a Gentlewoman* of an *Unspotted Reputation*, and much better than he could deserve; And after many *Solicitations* of her *Love*, and *Vows* of his, at last with many *Solemn Protestations* they were *Contracted*. But afterwards, meeting with a *Tapsters Daughter*, (a *Wench* he thought would have a better fortune,) he *Premeditated* with himself, how to break off from his first *Engagement*; and one day, being alone with the *Gentlewoman*, he on a suddain coming behind her, *Struck* her with most *Barbarous fury*, several blows upon the *Head and Neck*, with the *Hilt* of his *Sword*; and, had she not cry'd out *Murder*, and the People of the House come in upon it, he confessed, *He should not have given over, till he had beaten her Brains out*; Now how noble this Action is, and how it becomes our *Hero*, I will leave to the *Sensure* of all *Honest Men*.

Nay, after all this, he himself confest, *That he had Sworn Ten Thousand Oaths to her, and that they were Contracted, but (he said,) It was not for his Interest to keep those Vows; and therefore, had he Sworn Ten Thousand more, he would have broken them all.*

She upon this his *Sawcey usage*, and to take off all censure that it in reason might produce, soon after Sued him at *Common Law*; and in the Tryal at *Westminster-Hall* last Term, (when a *Scandalous proof* might have been *Advantageous* to him,) he said publickly in the Court, *He knew nothing by her contrary to Vertue, and Honour*; and it was likewise Sworn, by an *Eminent Citizen of London* at the same time, and one to whom *E. S.* had with a great deal of *Inveteracy Rayl'd* against her; that even then in the close of his discourse, he vowed, *He knew nothing so much as Immodesty by her, and he believed her as Chaste as the Virgin Mary.*

There is besides, now living at the *Golden Key* in *St. Clements-lane*, two *Witnesses* more who were in the Court the Tryal day, and would have taken their Oaths if there had been occasion, that *E. S.* a little before the Suit began, had *Voluntarily, but very Solemnly, Sworn*, and bid them bear *Witness* of it, *That whatever Law-Suits she should Commence against him, he would never do, or say any thing to the Prejudice*

of

of her Honour ; For if I should, (said he,) by the *Eternal God* it would be False; and nothing but Malice ; for I know that for me she is a *Virtuous Woman* ; And in my Soul I believe her so for all Mankind. Then Mrs. J. said to him, Perhaps you will not Defame her your self, but may set on some Friend of yours to do it ; No (said he,) in the presence of *Almighty God* I Swear, I never will ; and remember what I now say, and if I do, Record me both a Villain, and a Rogue, for ever after.

Yet after all this his asserting her Innocence with Vows, and Protestations, he now endeavours by all the *Malicious Billingsgate Language* he can invent, to Dishonour her ; But since he could Record his own Mother a *Whore*, should we in reason expect better from such a Sordid Animal. No, it is impossible that Mud should produce any thing but Monsters.

* In the next place he is a Man of so much Religion, that he has often, and in several Companies, declared, *That Interest is his God*; and indeed, according to the Dictate of his Interest, has he ever acted ; As for a fresh Example, for when he had to oblige a party, (Foolishly enough, in every *Coffee-house*, *Ale-house*, and *Tavern* he came into,) owned *The Character of a Popish Successor* to be his ; But finding his hoped for reward still behind, he has often said, *God Damn that Party, they were ungrateful Rascals* ; he presently resolved to change the Scene, and answer those two Books, called, *The Character of a Popish Successor*; and a *Popish Successor Compleat* ; which not two Months before he had (with no small Vanity,) Boasted to be his ; In this how far he proceeded I cannot tell, but he begun the great work ; for it has been seen by several, in several Papers under his own hand : The *Verbatim* words of one that was by accident lost by him, (but is still in being, and may be produced,) are these: *I confess I am so proud of Publishing the Glories of that never to be forgotten Hero, the Royal J. That I would not only with no little vanity have set my Name to this Loyal Panegyrick, but with Triumph have laid both my self and it at his Highnesses Feet; did I not fear the Injustice I have done that unexampled Envied Prince, (should I discover my self,) would create me such Mortal Enemies, that I might with reason expect a Phanatick Stab, for the ungrateful Oracles I have declared; I believe indeed not only I, but all Men of sence, would fear to Insense so Powerful, so Revengeful, and so Dangerous a Party against them.*

'Tis true, I could have been more large in describing the *Compendious Merits* of his worthily famous Highness's more then Princely Character; did I not think it as Imper-tinent a piece of Rethorick, as playing the Oratour upon the Courage of Ajax, and Subtilty of Uliisses ; it being no more then the understanding Reader, and the Judging, Admiring World, are already sensible of.

And next, the whole aim of the Subject is to do my King and Country Service: First, in Removing the doubts of a distracted People, and delivering them from the unhappiest of all Conditions, the living betwixt Hope and Fear, like Erasmus's Paradise hanging between Heaven and Hell, and settling them in a true and solid understanding, both of their own and Englands present State : And secondly, by dispelling that Cloud that Darkens the face of the Heir of England, and rendring the true indisputable Virtues of the Royal J. both Conspicuous, and Transparent ; And now swell'd with the pride of so glorious a design, &c.

This was Abruptly left off, and was an unpolisht part of a Preface to the Answers, some of which I am sure he had writ before, though they were never Published ; And then, to make that Party believe he was growing Honest, he visits all his former Acquaintance that were the D's Friends, and which had, for his owning the Characters, deserted him : The Lady S—— was one to whom he Confest he was much troubled for his Writing those Books, but he was now resolved to Write himself into the D's favour again : and to one Mrs. M——, who had been his Landlady five years, he said he was both sorry and asham'd that he had Writ
against

against his *Royal H.* but he was now a true Convert, Answering his own Books, he had Writ against him, with all the Zeal Imaginable; He likewise told all the Players, that we was Writing the *Convert Whig*.

And further, to promote that Interest which he declared was his God, He wisely but very Impudently makes bold with two Great Lords Names, (*viz.*) the Lord *A*——, and the Lord *H*——, pretending these Persons had sent to him about this Affair, and had promised him three hundred Pounds a year to Write for the Court-Party, and Answer his own Books: Which I believe no Man of sense would give three pence for, and most sweetly for them made himself this Complement, that none could Answer *S.* but *S.* But this done cunningly, at last, to let them know what he expected, or at last to see which Party would bid most for his Pen; but finding that all his Leuring brought not his *Falcons* to his Fist, he Sneaks back to his first station, and fawns on them he had renounc'd, and Curst: telling them, that these Reports which then flew about, was only the Malice of the *Tories* against the *True Blue Protestant Poet*, and That Paper, or Preface of his, which is inserted here, was Writ by the way of *Irony*: hoping they would not believe he could so much as think what he had Writ concerning his *R. H.* was truth, and perhaps indeed he did not; but all wise Men will also believe, a Man of his principles never valued that in any case, a Man that declares *Interest his God*, wou'd no doubt, were it in his Power, Dethrone an Angel, and Crown a Devil for his Advantage.

After all his Notorious Perjuries; His *Barbarous* and *Inhumane Beating* of *Women*; His Recording his own *Mother a Whore*, rather than prick his own Finger; His declaring *Interest to be his God*; His *Perfidious Deceitful Actions*, even to all Parties; What can with reason be expected from such a *Monster*, such a *Despicable Coward*, but that he will at last for Fear, or Interest, Betray to ruin all those that have ever trusted him.

All this considered, I wonder what any Party can expect from him, if they Design to serve him as the Monkey served the Cat, make use of his Paw to Scratch the Chestnuts out of the Fire; I am afraid they will be mistaken, to my certain knowledge, he is very choise of his Clumsy Fists; and he values not what any Suffers for him, so he may Sleep in a whole Skin; For in his most *Meritorious* piece of Service for the *Whigs*, his pretending to be the Author of the two Books called the *Characters*, which indeed were not half his; but had they been his own intirely, he never durst have Publisht them himself, or owned them till he had seen the danger over; but then, and when he saw the Honour was like to be done the curious *King Elephant*, that first forded the River; Was he not, like *Sir Philip Sidneys Dametus*, creeping out of the Bulw, and Singing with a loud voice,

*If the Man such praise must have,
What must I, that keep the Knaves?*

And certainly *Dametus*, by his great Wisdom and Matchless Courage, was a type of our *Hero*.

I could enlarge much, and instance many more notorious Actions of his, but I am not willing to tire my self and the Reader any longer with such a dirty Subject.

I think I have said enough, (considering how easily every one may satisfy themselves, in the truth of this Narrative,) to convince all Honest Men what a Rogue our *True Blue Protestant Poet* is, and how they ought to avoid him.

Fund Gift of Edward S. Harkness

Collation MDL
2/22/43

A²

Author

A character of the true blue
Protestant poet

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